AN EPITHALAMIUM UPON THE MARRIAGE OF Capt. William Bedloe.

Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus Avena,
Arma virumque Cano.——————

I, he, who Sung of Humble Oates *before,*
Now sing a Captain *and a Man of WAR.* By. R. Duke.

1 Jan. 1678/79

GOddess of Rhime, that didst inspire
The *Captain* with Poetick fire,
Adding fresh Lawrells to that brow
Where those of Victory did grow,
And statelyer ornaments may flourish now.
If thou art well recover'd since
The Excommunicated Prince:
For that Important Tragedy,
Would have kill'd any Muse but Thee;
Hither with speed, oh! hither move,
Pull buskins off, and since to love
The ground is holy that you tread in,
Dance bare-foot at the *Captains* Wedding.
See where he comes, and by his side
His Charming fair Angelick Bride:
Such, or less lovely was the Dame
So much Renown'd, *Fulvia* by name,
With whom of old *Tully* did joyn,
Then when his Art did undermine,
The *Horrid Popish Plot* of *Cateline*.

Oh fairest Nymph of all great *Britain*.
(Though thee my Eyes I never set on)
Blush not on thy great Lord to smile,
The second Saviour of our Isle;
What nobler Captain could have led,
Thee to thy long'd-for marriage bed:
For know that thy all-daring *Will* is
As stout a *Hero* as *Achilles*;
And as great things for thee has done,
As *Palmerin* or th' *Knight of th' Sun*,
And is himself a whole Romance alone.
Let conscious *Flanders* speak, and be,
The Witness of his Chivalry.
Yet that's not all, his very word
Has slain as many as his sword:
Though common Bulleys with their Oaths
Hurt little till they come to blows,
Yet all his *Mouth-Granadoes* kill...
And save the pains of drawing steel.

This

This *Hero* thy reſiſtleſs charms
Have won to fly into thy arms,
For think not any mean deſign
Or the inglorious itch of coyne,
Could ever have his breaſt contrould,
Or make him be a ſlave to Gold;
His Love's as freely given to Thee
As to the King his Loyalty.
Then oh receive thy mighty prize
With open arms and wiſhing eyes,
Kiſſe that dear face where may be ſeen
His worth and parts that ſculk within,
That face that juſtly ſtil'd may be
As true a Diſcoverer as He.
Think not he ever falſe will prove,
His well known truth ſecures his love;
Do you awhile divert his cares
From his important grand affairs:
Let him have reſpite now a while
From kindling the mad rabbles zeal.
Zeal that is hot as fire, yet dark and blind
Shews plainly whe're its birth-place we may find,
In hell, where tho' dire flames for ever glow
Yet 'tis the place of utter darkneſs too.

But to his bed be ſure be true
As he to all the World and you,
He all your plots will elſe betray
That your She-*Machiavills* can lay.
He all deſigns you know has found,
Tho hatch'd in Hell, or under ground;
Did oft to us ſuch ſecrets ſhew
As ſcarce the Plotters themſelves knew,
Yet if by chance you hap to ſin (creep in.
And love while Honour's napping ſhou'd
Yet be diſcreet and do not boaſt
Oth' treaſon by the common poſt.
So ſhalt thou ſtill make him love on
All virtues in Diſcretion.
So thou with him ſhalt ſhine, and be
As great a Patriot as He;
And when, (as now in *Chriſtmaſs* all
For a new pack of Cards do call,)
Another Popiſh Pack comes out
To pleaſe the Cits, and charm the rout;

Thou mighty Queen ſhal't a whole Suit Command,
A Crown upon thy Head, and Sceptre in thy Hand.

R. Duke

FINIS.